

# Dead Flag Blues

Efrim Menuck

the car's on fire and there's no driver at the wheel  
and the sewers are all muddied with a thousand lonely suicides  
and a dark wind blows  
the government is corrupt  
and we're on so many drugs  
with the radio on and the curtains drawn  
we're trapped in the belly of this horrible machine  
and the machine is bleeding to death  
the sun has fallen down  
and the billboards are all leering  
and the flags are all dead at the top of their poles  
it went like this:  
the buildings tumbled in on themselves  
mothers clutching babies picked through the rubble  
and pulled out their hair  
the skyline was beautiful on fire  
all twisted metal stretching upwards  
everything washed in a thin orange haze  
i said: "kiss me, you're beautiful -  
these are truly the last days"  
you grabbed my hand and we fell into it  
like a daydream or a fever  
we woke up one morning and fell a little further down -  
for sure it's the valley of death

i open up my wallet  
and it's full of blood

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